

## THE ASHLAND UNION.

"THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1866.

VOL. XX. NO. 42.

## "BRICK" POWER TO "BILL" ARP.

Bill for why do you still ARP on my

daughter—so to speak? There must be

something very wrong in your father's

Reckon you must have lost something or

found a horse shoe and no horse to hang

it on. We believe you are a very bad

Bill, and we don't want to pass you in

silence. You write us if there was some-

thing wrong with you—say if there were

clouds floating over the land of magnolia

and the sunny South generally—

Really, Bill, we are surprised!

There never was so ungrateful a people

as you southern gentlemen are, and

now after all has been done for you to see

letter written by you so full of insinua-

tions, is too much.

The fault of all this lies with you—

Weren't you folks most dogged wicked

before this war? Honest Indian now,

Bill! Didn't you get proud, and is not

pride a sin? And didn't you own niggers

down there, and larup them contin-

ually to raise cotton for New England

nobles to sign—sugar to sweeten our

rice, to eat in our puddings and to

bacco to chew and squirt over meeting

house floors? Answer us Bill, And

didn't you folks stay down there and

attend to business a little too close? And

didn't you have better horses, better

clothes, better houses, finer grounds, bet-

ter furniture and more land than we had?

We are all Christians in the North—

We felt that these fine things were

dragging your souls down to hell. We

didn't want you to run in brimstone

being in toment, so we tried to correct

you in Abraham's bosom. Abraham was

a great and a good man who died some

time since, as we read of somewhere.

And then, Bill, you kept your niggers

too fat. Our factory operatives grew

jealous. And our girls went down there

to teach your girls something, and fell in

love with your boys, and forgot to come

home. We felt that you were wicked—

We didn't want you to go to hell! All

the fine things you had were leading you

away from salvation, so we sent Butler,

and Curtis, and Banks, and Washburn

and Steele, and Hovey, and Prentiss, and

Hubert, and several of the elect of our

christian churches down there to win you

out of the jaws of hell by withdrawing

your fine furniture, such as pianos, books,

pictures, rosewood bed-stands, marble

tables, silver ware, horses, cotton and such

plunder to a place of safety!

You were wrong to engage in war—

very wrong to do that thing. New Eng-

land alone can conquer you. Why Bill,

if you had a billion of a millions of dol-

lars, and enough nice furniture to furnish

all the houses in the country, New Eng-

land could steal it in four years; and if

New England abolitionists could not, the

Kansas saints and western children of

christian abolitionism could. Hav'nt we

prayed for you in nearly all our churches?

You wanted to get out of the Union! Ah,

Bill, States once in can never get out—

That is what we always told you. All

those friends of the great martyr told

you. We went to war to keep you in

the Union. We fought you at Antietam, Pea Ridge,

Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg,

Shiloh, Mobile, Fort Donelson and the

devil only knows where, to keep you in

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